

# Shaking the Family Tree

by Hyperion Dredge

Category: Halo

Genre: Family, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Master Chief/John-117, OC

Pairings: Master Chief/John-117/OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-11 02:29:26

Updated: 2014-08-11 02:29:26

Packaged: 2016-04-27 05:13:17

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,520

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: The ups and downs of growing up as the son of humanity's mightiest hero and a former ONI scientist weighs heavily on a little boy with an incredible IQ and a bronchodilator. Just whose boots is he supposed to fill? - [MC x OC; some sexual content, some cursing, lots of adorable.]

## 1. Chapter 1

Sooooo I really need to finish Chellaston cross because I lovelovelove John x Cortana, but someone went and planted this bug in my brain about, "what would happen if John had a kid with a normal human woman?" That idea eventually spawned a story exploring the HALO universe from a civil perspective and John's own character development. There'll be plenty of flashbacks and conversations detailing how each party got involved in the 'ordeal'

FYI if you haven't noticed I'm obsessed with ONI and Parangosky so expect a lot of creepy crawly secret ops material in my stories. I'm also REALLY big into science, so expect lots of science too.

\* \* \*

><p>"No, he's too unstable to receive treatment for the asthma." She frowned softly as her thumb depressed a lever on a pipette and dispensed a buffer gel onto a micro plate, "His father had some genetic... stuff going on when Julius was born."<p>

"Your husband has the same thing then?" Another lab coat laden technician was working in the stainless steel hood next to her.

"We're not married - we're still together - but we're not married. His dad's..." Madelynn popped the tip of the pipet off into a small disposal unit and shrugged, "in perfect health, really. Any problem

John has, he did to himself." She had hope that the conversation would continue to revolve around her six-year-old son, but her coworker zeroed in on one of the more controversial aspects of her relationship with Sierra-117.

"Not married? So what then? Divorced, dating, shacking up?" the technician chuckled through the last bit, but reality strayed far from intention and the good doctor hardly felt it was a joke.

"None of those things." She bit back a sigh, collecting herself and preparing to explain the non-verbal, non-written, and totally unspoken pact of trust she and John had made. Now that she thought of it, they had built this pact from the ground up. Piece by piece like the micro plate buffers piled in her small hand, "He's UNSC, so he's very busy wi-"

There was a loud series of submarine sonar pings from the datapad in her pocket that drew everyone's attention away from their own laboratory tasks. The plates were all placed inside the fridge and she shut the door. In a smooth motion she plucked the small device from her pocket and tucked it between her jaw and shoulders as she degloved and walked.

"Quantico Research Laboratory, this is Doctor Forsythe speaking." her brows knit and a frown pursed her nude lips as she unceremoniously peeled the nitrile gloves off her hands and listened to the voice on the other end of the line, "No no, that's fine. I'll be there as soon as possible."

A sigh escaped her as she dropped the gloves in a waste basket and tucked the phone back in her pocket.

## 2. Chapter 2

"Julius." She squatted down in the empty classroom, in front of a desk where a little boy had buried his face in his arms, "What happened, sweetheart?" Madelynn tried her best to soothe the silent boy by running her fingers through his ginger hair and resting her forearm and chin on the edge of the desk across from him.

"I hate my name." was all the boy supplied, finally lifting his head and rubbing his light green eyes. He sniffled and Maddie could discern wet streaks from tears on his freckled cheeks.

"Okay so first off, you were named after one of the greatest physicists who ever lived. And secondly, where on Earth are your glasses sweetpea?"

"It doesn't help if everyone calls me Julia. And Avery is a girl's name too!" His tiny hands were balled into fists and his face twisted up in frustration as he looked at her.

"Okay, so what's that got to do with what happened today? And your glasses." Madelynn kept her chin rested on her arm, as Julius sniffed and rubbed his face.

"They got smashed." he explained bitterly, "Cameron kept calling me Julia, saying, 'oh pretty girl Julia' and he stole Marie's lip stuff and started chasing me around with it."

"And..?" Madelynn prodded for more intel.

"I threw marbles on the ground so Cameron and Gregory would fall and couldn't chase me anymore."

Her eyebrows shot up, she knew Julius was clever for a six year old, but he was the furthest thing from a trouble maker. Still, she was morbidly curious about the extent of her son's tactical genius, which likely already rivaled if not surpassed his father's at this age, "Did it work?"

"Yeah." he stated coolly, before riling right back up, "But then I got in trouble! And it's not fair because yesterday Gregory pushed me and no one did anything!"

Madelynn frowned and reached to run her fingers soothingly through her little one's hair again, "I'll talk to your teachers," again, she thought. Julius hadn't exactly had a great second year of school so far.

"Go ahead, it won't help." the little boy fumed, crossing his arms over his chest as his mother opened his backpack and fished out a second pair of thick glasses.

"Knock that off, Julius." she warned gently, opening the leather case with stickers on it and offering the glasses inside to him, "We need to get home."

The rest of the evening was ordinary. Julius kept himself entertained with construction sets and gravball. Madelynn cooked and did paperwork while Julius did homework.

It remained totally uneventful until about 02:17 when the datapad on Madelynn's bed lit up and bleeped rhythmically a few times in a six-note staccato. She rolled over sleepily and keyed the incoming comm.

"Hello John." she answered sleepily.

"I woke you up." He rumbled, as Maddie opened her eyes to look at the Spartan's face.

"Oh you noticed," she quipped playfully, "I knew you were one of the clever ones." she smiled softly. John wasn't the most expressive man, but she could tell when he appreciated a joke.

"You pinged me for a contact, what was that about?" John was concerned for good reason, Madelynn didn't usually reach out to him without there being something pertinent they needed to discuss. She was adamant about not being bothersome and assuring that she keep her hands and feet outside of the ONI roller-coaster ride at all times.

"Julius got in trouble today. A pink slip, almost took a boy out." She rubbed her face tiredly, then observed as John drew back slightly and his entire expression morphed. He was just as shocked as she was.

"What happened."

"Apparently some boys were chasing him around with lip gloss calling him Julia, trying to put it on him. So he threw marbles on the ground to trip the boys. It worked, and now he's in trouble with the administration." she paused and propped the datapad on the pillow next to her so it faced her while she lay on her side, "He's suspended for three days, and has to write apology letters to the two boys."

"What about the two boys?" The master chief was engrossed in the story of his normally complacent and polite son suddenly taking extreme measures of self-defense.

"I have no idea. He's had problems with his classmates since the start of the year." she flopped back onto the pillow with a sigh, and rubbed her face again, "This is my fault for letting them move him up a grade. Now he's the littlest, the slowest, and the easiest target." if it weren't for the debilitating asthma and poor eyesight, she was sure Julius would be perfectly capable of defending himself. If he weren't so small compared to other second graders, too.

"It's not your fault. He's still the smartest." John affirmed.

"He is..." she sighed, "I just hope that doesn't get the better of him. By the way, I found out last week he hates avocados, so I have no son really. This is all on you." She tried to lighten the mood, and turned her head to find John sporting a shadow of a smile.

"You're on a pelican." she observed, now fully awake.

John turned the screen of his datapad towards the cockpit so she could discern his location from the stars out the window. He couldn't tell her anything, but her soft groan assured him that she figured it out for herself.

"So I take it I shouldn't expect to see you when we get off the plane in Reno for Winter break?"

"I suppose not." He replied flatly.

"You know my mother never shuts up about you. She tells everyone she knows, shows pictures... All that nonsense, probably for the best that you avoid Reno." She smiled.

"I can handle it."

"mmmhhh, sure. Just like you handled the sweater she made you."

"That was an accident."

"I believe you. But right now, I need to sleep." She rolled onto her belly to look at the screen, which flickered with poor signal quality. "Tell Roland I love him, and be safe."

"Goodnight, Madelynn."

"Goodnight, Master Chief." She nodded off, and a half minute later the signal dropped entirely.

End  
file.